



SOCIETY and PERSONAL ACTIVITIES of WOMEN



Revelations of A Wife By ADELE GARRISON

WHAT HARRY UNDERWOOD THREATENED AND MADGE COUNTERED.

There was no escaping Harry Underwood's insistence. He had made up his mind to learn everything I knew concerning Dicky's escapade—the newspaper account of which had sent him hurrying to join me—and I knew of old the futility of trying to thwart him once he had set his will to functioning. Instead of subordinating it to his indolent inertia as he so often did.

"Yes, Dicky wired me this morning," I answered, and with the words realized that I had not uttered them with the reluctance I had imagined I would feel.

Indeed, I was discovering that despite my usual aversion to Harry Underwood I was distinctly glad to see him upon this occasion. I had felt very lonely and bewildered, especially as I cherished the queer, resentful feeling that meeting and hearing after what had happened would be like meeting some one strange to me. And the advent of so doughty a champion as Harry Underwood heartened me more than I would have been willing to admit.

"Wired, eh? I'll bet he did!" When he saw those newspapers this morning, I'll wager my last collar button that he made better time to the telephone office running than any airplane fighter he ever did. That boy just naturally spread himself and flew. What did he say?"

His absurdity was irresistible. I laughed for the first time since I had seen the newspapers. Mr. Underwood shot a keen glance at me, and I caught shadowing his eyes something which is rarely seen in them, an expression of pitying tenderness such as one gives a grieving child.

"That's right," he said heartily. "I'm glad the old clown hasn't forgotten his bag of tricks. You need a laugh or two today. It's the only way for you to treat this little spreading of the Dicky-bird's wings. I sure would like to have been there when the old boy first lamped the newspapers this morning. After I'd given him the thrashing he needs, I'd have had the laugh of my life. But all this is beside the point. What did he wire you?"

Madge Repeats the Telegram. "He asked me to disregard the newspaper reports, saying they were grossly exaggerated," I replied slowly. "and that the situation was the fault of no one but bushyhead. And—he asked me to come to him at once, because Miss Foster and he need me."

I had not intended to detail all of Dicky's telegram, but Harry Underwood's piercing black eyes were like probes, and I had given it all before I realized it. I must have sounded unconsciously in my last words the resentful bitterness which was mine at Dicky's sending for me because Claire Foster needed me, for there followed instantly an explosive volley of words from Mr. Underwood. "Curse the Dicky-bird's impudence, anyhow!" he exclaimed, and his face was dark with anger. "To ask you—he stressed the pronoun—to come up there and subject yourself to the stares and comments of a lot of blasted old tabby cats, in order to protect a girl who hadn't any more sense than to get herself into a scrape like this—just wait till I see his Nibs. He'll get what's coming to him once in his life, or my fist hasn't lost its punch, that's all."

"Just Like All Women!" Now, while I knew that much of this was only Harry Underwood's melodramatic way of expressing disapproval, yet there was the ring of enough truth in it to affect me in a most curious way. For instead of being grateful and pleased at his

undoubtedly sincere championship, I found myself bristling with resentment.

How dared he criticize my husband when his own treatment of Lillian had been unspeakably cadish!

"Who administered a thrashing to you when you brought so much sorrow to Lillian?" I asked pettishly, and the next minute was wild at myself for having dignified his tirade with a retort.

Mr. Underwood threw back his head and laughed softly but heartily.

"Just like all the rest of the women, aren't you?" he said condescendingly. "Friend husband may beat you up, and ruin your best switch and puffs, but let anybody say a word against him, and you're right in the front of the battle, flourishing your little pole-axe."

WHAT UNDERWOOD SUGGESTED IN ANALYZING MADGE AND DICKY.

I had no retort to make to Harry Underwood's mirthful assertion that I was like all other women, ready to flare up in defense of my husband no matter how badly he had treated me.

Indeed, too conscious was I of the fact that there was more than a grain of truth in his absurdity to dispute his statement, even if I had wished to continue the undignified dispute. That I had dragged Lillian's name into the controversy was another matter of keen regret to me. "Why," I asked myself scathingly, "didn't I remember Harry Underwood's penchant for teasing, and leave his sally unanswered?"

But there was no use mulling over what I might have left unsaid. And there was no recourse for me except silence which, I am afraid, was distinctly sullen. Harry Underwood, however, lost no time in breaking into it.

"Look here, old dear," he said, suddenly sober, "let's get this thing straight. You think I'm the devil reproving sin because I'm scoring Dicky on account of this performance when my own record concerning Lil isn't all to the bad. Well, in one way you're probably right! I'm not hanging any Japanese lanterns on myself for constancy or decency or any other of the domestic virtues, but you've got to remember this—"

He paused as if choosing his words, and I watched him, fascinated by an expression of sincerity that sat oddly upon his usually mocking face.

"Can I Ever Forget?" "Lil and I," he resumed slowly, "were two battered hulks drifting down-stream when we jostled each other, and decided to drift together for company. I'm not denying that I was infinitely the more battered of the two, and that Lil made a mighty poor bargain. But, remember, that while you were afraid the Dicky-bird might think you were jealous, you didn't have to be nice to me, and my hand is frozen yet from the icy mitt you handed me."

His voice trailed off into silence, and I realized that for a second or two I was actually lost in the reminiscence of that long-past time, which I remembered as vividly as he. Then he spoke again, more briskly.

"But I'm getting away from my subject. Confound you, I always get off my trolley when you're around. Here's the point. The Dicky-bird swept you off your feet, married you after a whirlwind wooing, and you had about as much experience of the world, of men and of what you might be up against as a tame white rabbit. The Dicky-

Aftermath Of Spangler Disaster Begins As 50 Widows Struggle To Support 200 Orphans

By PHILIP J. SINNOTT, NEA Staff Correspondent.

SPANGLER, Pa., Dec. 30.—It will be 15 years from this Christmas season before Spangler recovers from the disaster.

What disaster? Can't recall it? Well, it happened less than two months ago—the explosion in the Kelly coal mine that killed 79 miners and injured 35 more. You remember the headlines: "Many Perish in Mine Blast," "Mine Death List Grows," "Rescuers Risk Lives at Spangler," "Widows and Children Mourn Mine Victims," and then—The world turns its attention to other news.

But not Spangler. There the real tragedy, the struggle for existence of the living victims of the disaster, was just beginning. Fifty widows and 200 orphans deprived of their breadwinner. Union benefits, state compensation, charity for a while—then what?

The United Mine Workers of America paid the regular benefits. The state allows a maximum of \$12 a week to a widow with small children for 300 weeks; afterward there is a readjustment downward. The town of Spangler and neighborhood communities have helped. But at best this is not enough. And tragically as great as death stalks most of these 50 widows with their 200 fatherless little ones.

Mary Shopo breathes a prayer for courage to struggle on for the sake of her four small children. The explosion smothered out the lives of her husband and two eldest sons. This came shortly after another son had been killed in an automobile wreck.

She had waited for hours at the maw of the mine. Finally, a beaming, blackened, semi-senseless youth was borne out. "Thank God—my Rudy," she cried. But the lad was another woman's son. They

trudged you to Lil and me, strutting like a young rooster who has won his first barnyard fight. I expected to hear him crow every second. And, by George, I didn't blame him when you lifted those lamps of yours and looked up at me! It was like looking into deep pools of water where the sunlight is trying to chase the shadows away.

Madge Is Amused. "Not that you turned any sunlight in my direction," he smiled. "You might have been Galatea before—what's his name—kissed her, or an angel floating around on a deely cloud for any warming up the two, and that Lil made a mighty poor bargain. But, remember, that while you were afraid the Dicky-bird might think you were jealous, you didn't have to be nice to me, and my hand is frozen yet from the icy mitt you handed me."

His voice trailed off into silence, and I realized that for a second or two I was actually lost in the reminiscence of that long-past time, which I remembered as vividly as he. Then he spoke again, more briskly.

"But I'm getting away from my subject. Confound you, I always get off my trolley when you're around. Here's the point. The Dicky-bird swept you off your feet, married you after a whirlwind wooing, and you had about as much experience of the world, of men and of what you might be up against as a tame white rabbit. The Dicky-



The seven children, all under 12, whom Mrs. Amelia Zurecko must support, are typical of the families left by the men who were killed in the Spangler mine disaster.

told her the truth; Mrs. Grace Kelly claimed the lad, her Edwin. "May God help me—but I'm glad, for her sake," sobbed Mary Shopo, and staggered away to those of her brood who were left.

Mrs. Kelley kissed her son rapturously; then yielded him to the stretcher bearers who carried him to the hospital. That morning she had put up a lunch for him, his father and his brother. The father and brother were killed. Two uncles and two cousins also perished.

But Mrs. Kelly forced a smile day after day as she visited Edwin in the hospital ward. "He mustn't know the worst; not till he's well," she said. The lad is 16. Though Mrs. Kelly has five other children, she is going to keep Edwin out of the mine and send him back to school. That's

heroism—like her husband's. For he died trying to save others.

John Hurley and John Pello were pals. They married sisters and the families, with their six children, lived together. The men were improving the houses. Then the disaster, and death for both. Some day an unborn babe will learn that John Hurley was its father. That will make seven children for the two women to support.

Mrs. Mary Plutko is a widow whose hope rested in three stalwart, hardworking sons, 15, 18 and 21. Their lives were snuffed out. Now she faces a fight to rear her three dependent children.

"I'll manage it somehow! I've worked all my life."

This sentence epitomizes the courage of Mrs. Amelia Zurecko. Her husband was killed. She has seven children, the eldest 12 years, the

youngest a few months old.

Rosie Monaco has several small children to support, for the mine claimed her husband and her two working sons. "I'll pray—and work—and pray," she says, "and I'll put my trust in Providence."

Charles Aello left a widow with eight small children to provide for. Tony Vallala left a widow with seven children. And there are other families whose problem is as great.

But there's one bright spot in the tragedy that will cast a cloud over Spangler for the next 15 years. It's pointed out by a man who won wide praise for the heroism he displayed in the rescue work.

"The real heroes of Spangler," he said, "are the women who are bravely going about rearing their orphaned little ones. To them the world should take off its hat this Christmas—and maybe help the Spangler relief committee a bit to let in a little cheer where now gloom hangs so heavily."

BOYS WARNED AGAINST TAMPERING WITH RADIO WIRES; MIGHT GET HURT

DEFAUNCE, Ohio, Dec. 30.—(By I. N. S.)—"Raido thieves"—enthusiastic local youngsters who watch for a chance to steal a little wire from someone's radio cuffs—have been warned by K. A. Duork, well-known operator and manufacturer of radio equipment here, that radio wires often carry much more current than a boy anticipates.

"Aside from the wrong in stealing," said Duork, "boys often risk their lives while stealing 50 cents worth of wire."

He said he narrowly averted turning a powerful charge into certain wires of his experimental equipment when he saw two boys in the act of stealing wire.

HIGHER WAISTLINES.

New sport dresses from Paris show a higher waistline than the one to which we have become accustomed. Many of the one-piece dresses are made princess style and have no belts at all. The waistline is indicated by embroidery or trimming.

According to oculists, women generally have better eyesight than men.

First Suit Under New Law Tests Landlords Who Bar Children



MRS. ELIZABETH DARCY AND HER FAMILY. LEFT TO RIGHT: UPPER ROW, MARCELLA, 13, JAMES CORBETT, 28; ANDREW, 18. LOWER ROW, MICHAEL, 11; MRS. DARCY; FRANCIS, 9, AND MAURICE, 7.

By BOB DORMAN, (NEA Service Staff Writer.)

YONKERS, N. Y., Dec. 30.—I'm fighting to prove there's a way to force landlords to give shelter to those who prefer God's little ones to peddled pups!

That's the battle-cry of Mrs. Elizabeth Darcy, mother of five, one of the principals in the first fight under New York state's new renting law which makes it a misdemeanor for a landlord to refuse to rent a dwelling on the ground that the tenant has children.

Mrs. Darcy declares B. C. Griffin, apartment house owner, refused to

rent to her when he learned of her brood of five.

Griffin denies this. He loves children, he says, but was forced to deny Mrs. Darcy occupancy because he'd already promised his premises to someone else.

Here's the background of the fight: Mrs. Darcy supports herself and children. Her invalid husband is in a hospital. She had to move to make room for the new owner of her home, Griffin advertised for a tenant.

Mrs. Darcy says she agreed to take Griffin's apartment and Griffin was agreeable until he learned of her children.

"When he turned me down," Mrs. Darcy says, "I couldn't help wondering what the country was coming to. I had gladly seen my eldest boy enlist. He returned, bullet-seared, I am trying to bring up my younger boys like their older brother."

"But if I can't find a shelter for them, how can I convince them their country is worth sacrifice?" "I am angry there should be in America people who would deny children the right to live. And as I know there are thousands in the same plight as I, I am going to fight this case out!"

But Griffin will maintain in court Mrs. Darcy's children had nothing to do with his refusal to rent to her.

TODAY

We wish you a happy and prosperous New Year—

For a Few More Days

We will continue to operate as usual our fashionable Men's and Women's Shoe Shop at 112 N. Main St.,

THEN—

We will announce the opening of our new Women's and Children's Footwear Store in the beautiful Palace Theater Bldg.,

AND—

From then on our Main street store will cater to the men exclusively.

That is the story of the expansion of the shoe shops of

ALFRED J. KLINGEL

Greenblatt's January Sale of FURS

Starts Tuesday, January 2
A Sale Worth Waiting For

Every Fur Coat, Fur Wrap, Fur Scarf, Fur Cape, and Choker is included in this sale—we are holding back nothing.

When you see this fascinating collection of beautiful FURS at prices from 20% to 40% under their original marking, you'll feel well repaid for waiting for our great sale.

Luxurious Squirrel, Mink and Seal Wraps and Coats, developed in the smartest models. Staple Box Coats in Seal, Muskrat, Raccoon and Beaver.



- Hudson Seal (Dyed Muskrat) Marten Trimmed Coats, 40 inches long \$259.00
- Hudson Seal (Dyed Muskrat) Marten Trimmed Coats, 36 inches long \$285.00
- Hudson Seal (Dyed Muskrat) Kolinsky Coats, 46 inches long, choice... \$410.00
- Hudson Seal (Dyed Muskrat) Self Trimmed Coats, 40 inches long... \$315.00
- American Mink Wrap \$650.00
- Squirrel Wrap, choice blue skins, 48 inches long \$775.00
- Beaver Coats \$425.00
- Australian Opossum Coats 40 inches long \$265.00
- Raccoon Coats, 40 inches long... \$169.00
- Muskrat Coats, 40 inches long... \$99.00
- Muskrat Coats, 40 inches long... \$125.00
- Sealine Coats \$69.50

H. GREENBLATT
FURS EXCLUSIVELY

232 South Michigan Street